

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.
Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister, what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall.

Exit second Servingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Ass it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Maister.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Maister?

Corio. It is an honest service, then to meddle with thy Mistis: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher: Hence.

Beats him away

Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wold'st? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmuscall to the Volcians eares, I And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto withnesse may My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Service, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Enuy of the peeple, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Have all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest: And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge

Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it, That my reuengefull Services may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be, Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes

Th' art ty'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie: and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breast, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*! Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter Should from yond clowd speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleuee them more Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistis saw Beside my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me: We haue bene downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, fistng each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and pouring Warre Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th' hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You bleste me Gods,

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy, Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand; most welcome.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?
2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could thinke.

2 So did I, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he,

You wot one.

2 Who my Maister?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as

liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him.

2 Come we are fellows and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he scotch'd him, and notch'd him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistis of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th' eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage pould.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst not (looke you sir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directiude.

1 Directiude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forwardly?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Rausher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace,

And quietnesse of the peeple, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends

Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold

Disfention numbers pestering streets, then see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going

About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Brut. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

Men. Haile to you both. *Sicin.* Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heere you?

Men. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preferue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Brut. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thriue.

Brut. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wisht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brut. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking

Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance

Men. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,

If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Brut. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison,

Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories,

And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*, Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world

Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,

And